

The Democratic Pioneer.

TRUTH, JUSTICE AND THE CONSTITUTION.

ELIZABETH CITY, N. C., TUESDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 17, 1857.

VOL. 7--NO. 29.

BY L. D. STARKE.

DEMOCRATIC PIONEER.

L. D. STARKE,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS.
One copy, one year, \$2 50
Five copies, one year, \$11 00
One copy, one year, \$2 00
RATES OF ADVERTISING.
One square of 10 lines or less, first insertion
every subsequent one, 25 cents. Annual
contracts made on favorable terms.
Office corner of Main and Road Street

POETRY.

THE QUEEN'S ENGLISH.

There is a sea horse
Whom you see him in the sea;
When you see him in the bay,
You have then in the sea.

There is a sea horse
Whom you see him in the sea;
When you see him in the bay,
You have then in the sea.

There is a sea horse
Whom you see him in the sea;
When you see him in the bay,
You have then in the sea.

There is a sea horse
Whom you see him in the sea;
When you see him in the bay,
You have then in the sea.

There is a sea horse
Whom you see him in the sea;
When you see him in the bay,
You have then in the sea.

There is a sea horse
Whom you see him in the sea;
When you see him in the bay,
You have then in the sea.

There is a sea horse
Whom you see him in the sea;
When you see him in the bay,
You have then in the sea.

There is a sea horse
Whom you see him in the sea;
When you see him in the bay,
You have then in the sea.

There is a sea horse
Whom you see him in the sea;
When you see him in the bay,
You have then in the sea.

There is a sea horse
Whom you see him in the sea;
When you see him in the bay,
You have then in the sea.

There is a sea horse
Whom you see him in the sea;
When you see him in the bay,
You have then in the sea.

There is a sea horse
Whom you see him in the sea;
When you see him in the bay,
You have then in the sea.

There is a sea horse
Whom you see him in the sea;
When you see him in the bay,
You have then in the sea.

There is a sea horse
Whom you see him in the sea;
When you see him in the bay,
You have then in the sea.

There is a sea horse
Whom you see him in the sea;
When you see him in the bay,
You have then in the sea.

There is a sea horse
Whom you see him in the sea;
When you see him in the bay,
You have then in the sea.

There is a sea horse
Whom you see him in the sea;
When you see him in the bay,
You have then in the sea.

There is a sea horse
Whom you see him in the sea;
When you see him in the bay,
You have then in the sea.

There is a sea horse
Whom you see him in the sea;
When you see him in the bay,
You have then in the sea.

There is a sea horse
Whom you see him in the sea;
When you see him in the bay,
You have then in the sea.

There is a sea horse
Whom you see him in the sea;
When you see him in the bay,
You have then in the sea.

There is a sea horse
Whom you see him in the sea;
When you see him in the bay,
You have then in the sea.

There is a sea horse
Whom you see him in the sea;
When you see him in the bay,
You have then in the sea.

There is a sea horse
Whom you see him in the sea;
When you see him in the bay,
You have then in the sea.

There is a sea horse
Whom you see him in the sea;
When you see him in the bay,
You have then in the sea.

There is a sea horse
Whom you see him in the sea;
When you see him in the bay,
You have then in the sea.

could scarcely keep their countenance. In spite of the alarm under which they labored, there was something so ludicrous in the groll, especially when we figured to ourselves the coming consternation of the class, that they could hardly refrain from laughing outright. The professor, who could not tell from whence the sound proceeded, and thought it a trick of the class, perceived them severely, and then continued his lecture. "Gentlemen," said he, "I will show you a most startling effect."

And he did. Hark! there was a sudden crash, as if every bottle in the place had been destroyed at once—a smoke rose up—there was a terrific howl, that made the blood curdle and the marrow thrill—and through that frail glass—Father of Truth! we had mistaken the cage—there leaped forth, infuriated with the burning liquid which streamed over him—horror!—an untamed royal tiger.

On passed the tiger—on! on!—through the streets, with the populace flying on every side for shelter—passed his old prison, where the keepers stood wondering at his escape—on he went, bound around, howling and screaming with agony. On he went, while behind, before and around, rose up the mingled cry of men, women and children—the tiger! the tiger!

At the extremity of the main street a traveler was riding quietly to his home. He heard the noise behind him, and casting his eyes around, saw the cause. He spurred his horse, who started snorting with terror, for he saw the coming of the mighty animal as well as his master. It was in vain. The tiger noted not the man. He only saw the terrified steed. One leap—the distance was just—saw—and he struck his claws into the hind-quarters of the horse, who, unthinking of the jolting burthen, rushed on, bearing the fearful load as though it were a feather's weight. The man received no hurt. With presence of mind and coolness most determined—for it seemed from despair—he drew his bow-knife from his bosom, and with a firm stroke buried it to the hilt in the neck of the tiger. The spinal marrow of the royal brute was severed, and he died instantly. But he did not release his hold. Still with the death grip, he clung to his place, his eyes glazed and glaring, and his claws sunk deep into the flesh. On went the horse, snorting, plunging and rearing in mingled pain and terror; on he went, until exhausted by fatigue and loss of blood he fell prostrate. Those who came that way an hour after, cautiously and timidly, saw the three stretched together. They watched awhile and found they did not move. Yet they stole up—lo! the horse and tiger were dead, and over their lifeless forms was a traveler, insensible, though alive, and still grasping in his hand the friendly knife.

PRACTICAL GOOD SENSE.

It is related that an Athenian, who was hesitating whether to give his daughter in marriage to a man of worth with a small fortune, or to a rich man, who had no other recommendation, went to consult the mistresses on the subject. The philosopher, in the spirit of true wisdom, said, "I would bestow my daughter upon a man without money, rather than upon money without a man." Marriages for money seldom conduce to social comfort and happiness, and often result in the utter destruction of domestic peace, in crimination, coldness, and estrangement. And yet the love of money is seldom manifest in greater strength than in the formation of those life-long alliances where the parties bind themselves to "take each other for better or worse," and give their mutual pledge to stand by and aid each other amid all the storms and privations and perils of life. Those parents who are chiefly anxious to have their daughters marry a fortune, value money more than character, integrity, enterprise and correct habits, will, in most cases, lament their short-sightedness, infatuation and folly. There is happiness in a cottage where virtue, intelligence and kindness dwell. A palace will not yield it in the absence of these. It is not those families where there is the greatest profusion of wealth, who are most to be envied. In many a splendid mansion there are aching hearts, disappointed hopes, corroding cares and scalding tears. Let us not be misunderstood. We are not depreciating or deprecating wealth. It confers and secures many advantages. It gives to its possessor influence, position, and power. "Caeteris paribus," as we were taught in our school-boy days to say, other things being equal, it is desirable, highly beneficial, and eminently comfortable. But it is not worth sacrificing domestic peace to possess it—it is not worth enduring the strife of tongues—it is not worth the life-long reproach, "you married me for my money."

FRANKLIN ON LEARNING LANGUAGES.—Being asked his opinion respecting the study of languages, Benjamin Franklin said: "I look on languages as arbitrary sounds of character whereby men communicate their ideas to each other. Now if I already possess a language which is capable of conveying more ideas than I shall ever acquire, were it not wiser in me to improve my time in getting sense through that one language, than waste it in getting mere sounds through fifty languages, even if I could learn so many? I object to learning dead languages principally on account of the shortness of human life. Taking one with another, men do not live above forty years. Plutarch, indeed, puts it thirty-three. But say forty. Well, of this, full ten years are lost in childhood, before any boy thinks of a Latin Grammar. This brings forty years down to thirty. Of such a moment as this to spend five or six years in learning dead languages, especially when all the books in those languages are translated into ours, and besides, we already have more books on every subject than such short-lived creatures can ever acquire, seems very preposterous."

A CERTIFICATE.

Editor in Chief:
We were leaning back in our chair, dreamily building castles on the "monied basis" of a one dollar bill, which a delinquent had found it in his heart to pay. In that comfortable state of mind between a "whole and a dose," our feet were elevated upon the fender, and a promise of another "warm meal" during the week.

Editor, sir?
"Wall, you are the feller I want to see. I'm Prof. Quackem, of the Swashville Medical Institute, the inventor and sole proprietor of a new medicine, the Great Horse-Power Catherine or Har Invigorator. Ever learn on the article before?"

"Have not?"
"Wall, I can't but just found it myself, but it goes like ginger. It never fails. I'm sending it to all parts of the continent; besides to South America and other places. It keeps in all climates. Everybody buys it—everybody has hair after they have tried it. But here are some certificates—all well authenticated know 'em all myself. May be you'll look at 'em."

The little man handed us a well-worn copy of the Swashville Daily Bugle. The leader was devoted to the new discovery. We boldly, fearlessly, unhesitatingly pronounced it the discovery of the age. We have been bald from our birth, owing to early troubles; but once using the invigorator, kivered our head with a dense growth of hair. Our friends are all astonished. Had the prophet known of this he would not have been called old bald head by the little ones, and forty and two of the little hopefuls tore into slivers by bears. We will let the Professor speak for himself:

"The way I discovered this wonderful medicine was in this wise:
"I'd been out huckleberry'n, and when going home through the back pasture, where I keep old Brindle and Bob, my two milking animals, I got kind 'o tired like, and sat down on a bunch of weeds. They felt queer, and I rubbed some of them between my fingers. In less than ten minutes, my forefinger and thumb were kivered with fur, full out an inch long. You may well think that this astonished me. I tried the weed on Cother hand, and har there too! I jumped up from where I was a settin', and what a sight. My new drab, deskish pants looked like the rump of a buffalo, with three inches long! I did make for home about then. But an idea struck me. I tried the weed next day on the door stone with great effect, producing a thick mat of mouse colored hair in thirty minutes. I tried it on the chairs in the house and produced magnificent hair cushions.
"Ploving up the weeds, the mould board of the plow looked like steel grey muskrat, with handles like iron. In digging out a woodchuck, I accidentally laid my iron bar upon the weed and the next morning it was kivered with a thick coat of iron grey hair, I kinned that woodchuck and carried him home, and left him by the side of some of the weed. In the morning the carcass was covered with hair. And how ever incredible it may seem, I kept that woodchuck several days, and took twenty-seven full grown woodchuck skins! and a full coat of hair on all of 'em!!
"One of our Shanghai hens made a nest and set in the same weed. Horeggs were covered with hair, and the chickens come out with long hair on 'em! I was sure that such a weed must be powerful, and so I sold some out down. The dish kettle was kivered with long jet black hair. I kept on experimenting, and by chemical kombinations, produced the invigorator, purely vegetable and always sure. I have seventy thousand certificates from the bald headed of all countries; but will read you only a few."

BANGALL, JUNE 11.

Prof Quackem!—This may certify that I have always been bald, and have used up a barrel of common hair dye. I accidentally heard of your Invigorator, and purchased a bottle, and carried it home in my overcoat pocket. The pocket was full of hair when I got home! I took the bottle and held it in the sun, where the shadow fell on my head. A thick head of chestnut colored hair grew out in thirty minutes, by the watch, all curled and perfumed. Send me twenty bottles by return mail. The call for the Invigorator is unprecedented. A neighbor of mine—
"Excuse us, Professor, to-day, and call again!"
"Will dew it, sir. You'll find the Invigorator great on har!"—Ez.

A GREAT GIFT.

Sleep is the gift of God; and not a man would close his eyes, did not God put his fingers on his eyelids. True, there are some drugs with which men can poison themselves well nigh to death, and then call it sleep; but the sleep of the healthy body is the gift of God; he bestows it; he rooks the candle for us every night; he draws the curtain of darkness, he bids the sun shut up his burning eyes, and then he comes and says, "Sleep, sleep, my child; I give thee sleep." You have sometimes laid your head upon your pillow and tried to go to sleep, but you could not do it; it was beyond your power. You close your eyes, but still you see; and there are sounds in your ears, and ten thousand things drive through your brain. Sleep is the best physician that I know of. It has healed more pains than the most eminent physicians on earth. It is the best medicine. There is nothing like it. And what a mercy it is that it belongs to all. God does not give it merely to the noble or the rich, so they can keep it as a special luxury for themselves; but he bestows it upon all. Yes, if there be any difference, it is in favor of the poor. "The sleep of the laboring man is sweet, whether he eat little or much."

THE PLAYS OF SHAKESPEARE—WHO WROTE THEM.

An interesting controversy has arisen in the literary world in England, as well as in this country, as to the authorship of the plays generally attributed to William Shakespeare. Mr. William Henry Smith of London, has impugned the validity of his claims, and transferred his laurels to Lord Bacon. This bold heretic commences his onslaught on the Bard of Avon by citing a passage from the writings of Alexander Pope, in which the poet gives it as his opinion that the "plays attributed to William Shakespeare were pieces produced by unknown authors, or fitted up for the theatre while it was under his administration, and no other owner claiming them, they were adjudged to him, as they gave strays to the lord of the manor."

Mr. Smith describes Shakespeare as an uneducated man, incapable of producing the dramas with which his name is associated, and represents him as no higher than a theatrical factotum, being sole owner of the wardrobe and the properties; in a word as the manager and superintendent of the mechanical department of the theatre.

In favor of the pretensions of Lord Bacon, he puts forward the following argument: Bacon, in 1557, composed the *Dumb Show*, acted before Queen Elizabeth, at Greenwich. It was a mask, and this is alleged in proof of his dramatic capabilities; besides his familiar conversation is known to have been peculiarly dramatic in tone. In 1621 he was politically disgraced, and devoted himself to collect and arrange his literary works. In 1623 appeared the folio of his plays, including some and excluding others, which had always been attributed to Shakespeare. Now, who made the selection? Who alone was competent to make it? Who could classify the 36 plays contained in the folio? Clearly no person but the author himself, or a person deputed by the author. The folio appeared under the names of John Heminge and Henry Condell, the players, but Mr. Smith, considers the real editor was Ben Jonson, who acted under the directions of Lord Bacon. Mr. Smith, in support of this theory, quotes a letter from Tobias Matthew to the Lord Viscount St. Alban's, containing this remarkable postscript: "The most prodigious wit I ever knew of my nation, and of this side of the sea, of your lordship's name, though he be known by another." By "another," it is assumed that Tobias alludes to Shakespeare, who usurped the honors due to Bacon.

It is a well known fact that Shakespeare was singularly regardless of fame. His editor, Malone, when criticizing the play called the *London Prodigal*, says: "One knows not which most to admire, the impudence of the printer in affixing our great poet's name to a comedy, publicly acted at his own theatre, of which it is very improbable that he should have written a single line, or Shakespeare's negligence of fame in suffering such a piece to be imputed to him without taking the least notice of it." This indifference is indeed a very startling circumstance, but was it not equally remarkable in Lord Bacon, if he were the author of the dramas attributed to Shakespeare? Mr. Smith denies that Shakespeare had sufficient talents or learning to write these dramas; but he wrote the poems of *Venice* and *Adonais*, of *Tarquin and Lucrece*, and the *Sonnets*.

These are proofs of his abilities, and to make good Mr. Smith's argument, he must prove that Shakespeare was not their author. But there is other evidence of Shakespeare's genius in the praises of him recorded by his contemporaries and transmitted to us. Take the following from Fuller: "Many were the wit combats between Shakespeare and Ben Jonson. I beheld them like a Spanish great galleon and an English man-of-war. Master Jonson, like the former, was built far higher in learning, solid, but slow in his performance; Shakespeare, like the latter, less in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, tack about, and take advantage of all winds by the quickness of his wit and invention."

All educated persons must take a lively interest in whatever relates to the fame of the Bard of Avon, and we therefore give the salient features of this new controversy. Each must decide for himself between Bacon and Shakespeare. Mr. Smith delivered a lecture on the subject at the Beethoven Rooms, Harley street, London, but it does not appear that he has yet made any converts.

THAT'S THE ALLEGORY.—A miser being dead and fairly interred came to the banks of the river Styx, desiring to be ferried over along with the other ghosts. Charon demanded his fare, and was surprised to see the miser, rather than pay it, throw himself into the river and swim over to the other side, notwithstanding all the clamor and opposition that could be made to him.

All Tartarus was in an uproar; and each of the judges was meditating some punishment suitable to a crime of such dangerous consequences to the infernal revenues.

"Shall he be chained to the rock along with Prometheus? or tremble before the precipice in company with the Danaides? or assist Sisyphus in rolling his stone?"
"No," said Minos. "None of these: we must invent some severer punishment. Let him be sent back to earth, to see the use his heirs are making of his riches."

A NEW USE FOR HORNS.—The Albany Transcript is responsible for the following: "Recently a gentleman and lady of a neighboring city were enjoying a sleigh ride, when one of the traces was broken beyond all hope of repair, and at a point where no assistance could be had. In this emergency the lady produced from her expansive good cotton rope sufficient to make another. Things were fixed, and the parties moved on." So much has been said against horns that as a matter of justice, we give publicity to this evidence in their favor.

—The man who will steal an umbrella, will do what half the world has done a score or more years.

THE YANKEE AND THE GREASED POLE.

Ezekiel Philpot, from the head waters of the Penobscot river in Maine, arrived one day in Boston with a load of "apple-sauce," drawn by his old mare Dobbin. In good season the "east" was disposed of to good advantage, and, with seventy-five dollars in his pocket, Zeke began to look around to see the sights.

"Hello!" exclaimed Zeke, as he stopped one morning before a blazing place which adorned one of the brick walls in Flax Alley; "wa'n'tarnation's hat? A Golden Ladder—a Road to Fortune—oh, fortin', that's it—a road to fortin'!"

Zeke went on to decipher the reading beneath, and gradually he gained the intelligence that on Back Bay, below the Common, there was to be a pole twenty feet high raised, on the top of which the proprietor would place a prize of two hundred dollars, to be obtained by any one who could obtain it. Chances \$3.

"Well, tew hundred dollars is some pun-kins," soliloquized Zeke. "I've claim some poaty skinny trees in my day. I'll gist walk into that fellow's tew hundred, rot me if I don't."

With this feeling of cupidity, Zeke started for the scene of action, and as he was jumping around, he knocked down a dozen apple women, before he remembered his entire ignorance of where Back Bay might be, and when this information was gained, he appeared to remember that the "old mare" hadn't been seen to.

Zeke was economical in his horsekeeping. He hired a single stall in a small shed near the Providence Depot, bought his own hay, and took care of his own animal. Thither he hastened his steps, and having fed and watered his beast, he took from his wagon an old wool card, and raked down the mare in the most approved manner. To be sure the steel moved a little more harshly over the horse than usual, but then Zeke was in a hurry, for that two hundred was in his eye.

At length, by dint of much inquiry, Zeke found his way to the spot, where the people had already begun to collect around the "Golden Ladder."

"Hallo!" exclaimed Zeke, as he came up; "war's the chap what keeps this ere pole?"
"I am the man," answered a burly fellow, with a red nose and pimpled chin, who occupied a chair near the pole; "want to try a chance? Walk up, gentlemen—walk up—only three dollars! Who wants the two hundred?"

"Hold on, old feller," interrupted Zeke; "dew yer mean to say as how there's tew hundred dollars in that ar bag up at the top of that pole?"

"Certainly!"
"An' if I can get it, it's mine?"
"You can have a chance for three dollars."

"Zaenly—wall, there's yer three dollars, and now here's what goes for the whole lot!"

Zeke divested himself of his coat, rolled up his shirt sleeves, and, giving a powerful leap, grasped the pole about ten feet from the ground. A single second—not longer—he staid there, and then slipped back to terra firma. Zeke looked at his hands, and then down upon his striped trousers; then he looked at his hands again, and raising them to his nose, while a deep, long snell seemed to set his doubts and queries at rest, he exclaimed:

"The dewce! Hog's fat, by thunder!"

A broad laugh from the crowd soon brought Zeke to his senses, and convinced him that he had been sold. But ere he could find his tongue again, an old salt, about "three sheets in the wind," paid for his chance, and essayed to climb the pole. The sailor huffed half way up, and then he slid. The crowd laughed again. Zeke, after waiting a moment in a sort of "brown study," quietly slipped away, remarking to the red nosed man "he was going to get three dollars more, and he would be darned if he didn't try it again."

In an hour Zeke was again upon the ground.

"Now, old feller," said he to the man who took the entrance money, "I want to try that ere thing wunst more, an' I want yew to understand 'I shall jist take off my shaws this time."

"Got nothing in your stockings?" suggested the red nosed man.

"Nothing but my feet," returned Zeke, as he planted thirteen inches of flesh and bone into the lap of the quiver.

Zeke paid his three dollars, and minus coat, vest, and "shaws," he crept up from the ground. He hugged like a blood sucker to the greased pole, and by degrees neared the top. His hand was stopped a foot of the bag of dollars, and he stopped to get his breath. One more lift, and then another, and the prize was within his grasp. Zeke slid to the earth with two hundred dollars!

"Thar! I know'd I could do it; I hain't clum spruces and white maples all my days for nothin'! Good by, folks, and efenny of yew ever cu a deown East, jist giv us a call!"

Zeke left the crowd in wonder, and made the best of his way to the stable. He shut the door of the shed, and then pulling up his trousers, he untied from the inside of each knee, one half of the steel-toothed leather of his old horse-card!

"Wall, old Dobbin," said Zeke, patting the mare affectionately on the back, while he held the pieces of card leather in his hand, the scattering teeth of which had been filed sharp, "I rather guess I keen afford to buy yeen a new heard now?"

Dow, Jr., in allusion to the exclusion of many would be church goers from the sanctuary, by reason of high pew rents in our fashionable churches, remarks—
"The reason why a majority of you go to Bolzeburg is because you can't afford to go to Heaven at the present exorbitant prices."

Mrs. Partington says, if she should ever be cast away, she would prefer meeting with the catastrophe in the "Bay of Biscuits," that she should have something to live on.

RE-ORGANIZATION OF THE WHIG PARTY.

A short time since the news came from one of the West India Islands that the "Angel Gabriel" had blown his last blast, and was himself buried among the spirits whom he have summoned to a premature resurrection. Though the prophet is gone, yet his mantle is left behind him. Our neighbor of the *Whig*, has seized the abandoned trumpet, and is calling spirits from the vasty deep with an energy of lung which affrights quiet people. Read its article yesterday on the "re-organization of the Whig party." Flattery cannot touch the dull ear of death; nor is it possible for spectral inhabitants of Hades to resist their mundane abode. Isis wandered up and down, gathering together the scattered fragments of her lost Osiris; and with an equal sorrow, but with less success, the disconsolate relict of the late Whig party seeks to discover and re-assemble its mangled remains. It is a pious enterprise, and we only regret its impracticability. Henceforth, in her heroic but fruitless search, Lady Franklin will have the sympathy of an other sad and constant soul.—*Richmond Enquirer*.

RATHER TOUGHISH.—A correspondent of "Porter's Spirit," writing from Cleveland, Ohio, declares that a large dry goods establishment was recently burned down in that city, when one of the large fire-safe manufacturers of New York, who knew they had one of their articles in the building, wrote on and requested the proprietors of the ruined store to state how their safe had withstood the conflagration, and the answer received was as follows:

"Gentlemen, your safes are wonderful. Nothing can surpass them protecting books and papers, though they have some unfortunate opposite effects. One of the clerks, on Saturday, bought a Shanghai rooster and at night, unknown to us, put it for safe keeping in the safe. That night our establishment was destroyed by fire, and the safe and its contents were exposed to a tremendous heat during the space of thirty-six hours, at the end of which time it was hatched out, red hot. As soon as possible it was opened, and you may judge of our surprise when we found within it the Shanghai rooster, leaning against the Ledger frozen to death."

WORKING WITH GOD.

"Work, for it is God that worketh in you." This beautiful union of holy fear, and yet holy courage, of entire dependence upon God, and yet unabated and jealous "diligence to make our calling and election sure," is attainable only, nay, I might say intelligible only to a spiritual mind. Not that there is any inexplicable mystery in their conjunction; men are continually acting in the affairs of life in the same way. They clear their ground, sow their crops, go through all the toils of husbandry with unremitting diligence, and show they can do no more; they watch for the increase, they think of it, they talk of it with the deepest interest, while yet it is undeniable they cannot make a single blade of wheat to spring up, or bear produce. The sun must shine upon it; the rain must water it; the earth must nourish it; they can command none of these.—*Benjamin*.

THE OLD RED CENT.

As the old red cent is about being called in, some of our contemporaries are writing its history and obituary. The cent was proposed in 1782 by Robert Morris, the great financier of the revolution, and was named by Jefferson two years later. It began to make its appearance from the mint in 1792. It bore the head of Washington on the one side and thirteen links on the other. The French revolution soon after created a rage for French ideas in America, which put on the cent, instead of the head of Washington, the head of the goddess of liberty—a French liberty, with neck thrust forward and flowing locks. The chain on the reverse was replaced by the olive wreath of peace. But the French liberty was short lived, and so was her portrait on our cent. The present staid, classic dame, with a fillet around her hair, came into fashion about thirty or forty years ago, and her finely chiselled Grecian features have been but slightly altered by the lapse of time.

THE MURDERER'S MIRROR.—Dr. Dorenius, who resides at the corner of Fourth avenue and Nineteenth street, will make examination of the retina of Dr. Burdell's eyes by a powerful instrument to-day, to see if the last object which the deceased saw is still imprinted upon the visual organ, and if so, whether it be the murderer or murderers. This is a fearful and sure mode of detection, for which we are indebted to the progress of science. If Dr. Dorenius finds the daguerreotype THREE of the party to whom all suspicion points, the evidence will be indubitable, and the wretch should be hung, (if any murderer should) without judge or jury.

GRAMMAR IN RHYME.

- Three little words you often see;
Are Articles—a, an and the.
 - A noun's the name of anything—
As school, garden, hoop, or swing;
 - Adjectives tell the kind of noun—
As great, small, pretty, white or brown;
 - Instead of Nouns if e Pronouns stand—
Her head, his face, your arm, my hand.
 - Verbs tell of something being done—
To read, write, count, sing, jump or run.
 - How things are done the Adverbs tell—
As slowly, quickly, ill or well.
 - Conjunctions join the words together—
As men and women, wine and weather;
 - The Preposition stands before
A Noun—as in or through a door;
 - The Interjection shows surprise—
As oh! how pretty! ah, how wise!
- The whole are called Nine Parts of Speech,
Which Reading, Writing, Speaking teach.

